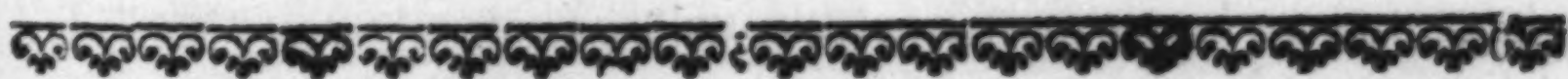


5

M.DCC.LXXVI.



THE
FIRST ODE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
HORACE
IMITATED.



Q. HORATHI FLACCI

ODE I. LIB. I,

AD

MÆCENATEM.

*MÆCENAS, ¹ atavis edite regibus,
² O & præsidium, & dulce decus meum;
Sunt, quos ³ curriculo pulverem Olympicum
⁴ Collegisse juvat, metaque fervidis*

Evitata

THE
FIRST ODE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
HORACE
IMITATED.

TO JOHN MILLER, Esq.

MILLER, 'whom fair Ierne bore
To grace Britannia's happier Shore,
²Whose Genius guides, whose Counsel guards
The Labours of Bathonian Bards,
Survey Mankind, and each you'll view
His various Path of Joy pursue.

There are, in Phaetons who smoke ye,
⁴Collecting Dust enough to choke ye,
With Elbows square, and nodding Heads,
And long-tail'd scrambling Quadrupeds

Whip

*Evitata rotis : palmaque nobilis
 1 Terrarum Dominos evehit ad Deos.*

*Hunc, si mobilium Quiritium
 Certat 6tergeminis tollere honoribus :
 7 Illum, si propriis condidit horreo
 Quidquid de Libycis verritur Arcis
 8 Gaudentem patrios findere Sarculo
 Agros 9 Attalici conditionibus
 Nunquam dimoveas, ut 10 trabe Cypriâ
 11 Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.*

*12 Luclantem Icaris fluctibus Africum
 Mercator metuens, 13 otium, 14 oppidi
 Laudat rura sui :*

Whip round the Post—turn sharp—cut neat—
 Despise—and frighten all they meet;
 Or studious of th' Olympic Races,
 Keep *half* a running Horse at * Scrace's,
 Hedging, and Odds, and Bets their Theme——
 By which *some knowing ones*, I deem,
 With Zones around their Necks have vaulted
 'Towards Heav'n, above their peers exalted.

The Alderman who pants to grace
 6 The golden Chain, the Sword, and Mace;
 7 The griping Hunks, whose Barns contain
 Full many a Year's well-hoarded Grain,
 8 Yet anxious to encrease his Store,
 Grubs his paternal Fields for more,
 Would ne'er the boist'rous Waves be tost on,
 To meet their dearest Friends at Boston,
 9 Though all the Treasures were consign'd them,
 Her hapless Exiles leave behind them,
 10 In stoutest Bark would ne'er sustain,
 11 The Horrors of th' Atlantic Main.

12 Secure from Wars, and dangerous Seas
 Colonel Jaghire enjoys his Ease;
 Buys Land, and Beeves, with Indian Gold,
 Which some poor English 'Squire has sold;
 Kings, Lords, and Commons he defies,
 13 "The Town is all my own, he cries,
 "That cursed Climate I've been hurt in,
 "And Nabob-making grows uncertain—
 "This snug retreat I'm safe from harm in,—
 "How sweet that Wood! that Lawn how charming!"
 But ah! his Passion soon returns,
 With restless flames his Bosom burns;

His

¹⁴*mox reficit rates*
Quassas, ¹⁵indocilis pauperiem pati.

¹⁶*Est qui ¹⁷nec veteris pocula Massici,*
^A*Nec partem solido demere de die*
Spernit; ¹⁸nunc viridi membra sub arbute
Stratus;

¹⁹*nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ.*

²⁰*Multos castra juvant, & lituo tubæ*
²¹*Permistus sonitus, ²²bellaque matribus*
Detestata.

²³*Manet sub Jove frigido*
Venator ^Ateneræ conjugis immemor:
²⁴*Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,*
Seu rupit tereteis Marsus aper plagas.

14 His Bark he rigs, resolv'd once more,
 The distant Ganges to explore,
 Rather than on his native Ground
 15 To starve—on Fourscore Thousand Pound.

16 Oft' will you meet old General Drone :
 A Character at Bath well known ;
 The Rooms and Coffee-House he haunts,
 17 Drinks sometimes Tea, and sometimes NANTZ :
 Complaining of the Gripes and Vapours,
 He'll ask " what News you've in the Papers ;
 Then cry, " such Measures we're pursuing,
 " This Nation's on the Brink of Ruin : "—
 But urge him to explain her Wrongs,—
 Down fall the Poker and the Tongs ;
 He hums, and haws, and recommends——a ——
 ——Prescription for the——*Influenza* ;
 In Summer, lounging at Spring-Garden,¹⁸
 In Winter, ev'ry Door bombarding,
 With morning Visits duly paid
 Down from the Crescent to Parade,
 19 His Head he'll in the Pump-Room poke
 To catch some stale, unmeaning Joke,
 With News and Nonsense for the Day,
^ATo drive his irksome Hours away.

20 Pierc'd with the Fife's, and Trumpet's Voice,
 Britannia's warlike Youth rejoice ;
 21 The blended Sounds transport their Ear,
 22 While trembling, anxious Mothers fear——
 These Heroes should desert their Quarters,
 To Scotland to entice their Daughters.

23 The northern Blast, and driving Rains
 Sir Hardy Thickset well sustains ;
 24 Whether the Hind, or wily Fox
 His fleet Hounds urge o'er Vales and Rocks,

- 25 *Me doctarum Hederæ præmia frontium*
 26 *Diis miscent superis : 27 me gelidum nemus,*
 28 *Nympharumque leves 29 cum Satyris chori*
 30 *Secernunt populo : 31 si neque tibiae*
 . *Euterpe cohibet : 32 nec Polyhymnia*
Lesbium refugit tendere barbiton :
 33 *Quod si me Lyricis vatibus inseres,*
 34 *Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.*

He drives the Chace with Perseverance,
 Nor heeds his tender Wife's Endearance,
 At Night returning to console her—
 With Feats of Bowman and of Jowler.

25 For me—the verdant Ivy Guerdon
 (Which you, Sir, have my Brows conferr'd on)
 With many an artless Rhyme I jingle,
 26 Gives me with loftier Bards to mingle :
 27 Me, to enjoy thy cool Cascade,
 Thy nodding Grove, and checker'd Shade,
 28 And view the smiling Nymphs advance,
 29 To join with thee the festive Dance,
 (While every Charm of Art and Nature
 Conspires to grace thy Fête Champêtre)
 Thy kind Indulgence has allow'd,
 30 And sets me 'bove th' ignoble Crowd ;
 31 Content, if sweet Euterpe deign
 To hear my humble Pipe complain ;
 Or when beside the Winter Fire,
 With careless Hand I sweep the Lyre,
 32 The gay fantastic Polyhymny
 Visit the Corner of my Chimney,
 Inspiring Notes of Joy and Mirth,
 That please, and perish in their Birth :
 33 But if thy fair, thy matchless Dame
 Approve my Verse, and stamp my Fame,
 In concert with well-judging Riggs,
 Assign to me her Myrtle Sprigs,
 And lead me through th' Aonian Path
 To join the vocal Swans of Bath,
 Not * Madge in all her Glory drest,
 Shall rear so high her tow'ring Crest,
 34 I'll soar above all vulgar Eyes,
 And bear my Plumage to the Skies.

* The Heroine of the subsequent Poem.





A N
ELECTION BALL
I N
POETICAL LETTERS,
I N T H E
ZOMERZETSHIRE DIALECT,

F R O M
Mr. I N K L E,
A FREEMAN of BATH,
T O
His WIFE at GLOUCESTER.



To the READER.

THE following trifling Performance made its Appearance, before a very polite Audience, at Mrs. MILLER's POETICAL COTERIE, at Bath-easton Villa, and as it excited amongst my Friends a much greater Degree of Curiosity, than I really think it was worthy of, I take this Method of presenting it to them, rather than by Means of manuscript Copies, which frequently subject an Author to Interpretations very foreign to his Meaning and Intention---And if you should happen to be one of those, my dear Reader, who wish to be diverted at the Expence of any private Character, I would advise you to spare yourself the Trouble of perusing the following Pages, from

Your humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

LETTER I.

Mr. INKLE to his Wife Mrs. DINAH
INKLE,

At GLOUCESTER.

CONTAINING .

Female Accomplishments—Preparations for the Ball—Absurdity of former Ages in Point of Dress and Manners.

—AND so, as I told thee before, my dear wife,—
I'll go to the Ball thof it cost me my Life—
—Must I be shut up, till like poor Neighbour Snarler
I be smok'd like a Joss, in mine own little Parlour?
No—I'd have thee to know that I walks pretty stout
Zince I've vound an invallible Cure for the Gout;
Vor the Doctor I've try'd has with Wedges and Pegs
Zo stretch'd out my zinews and hammer'd my Legs,
Zo zuppl'd the Joint by tormenting the Tendon—
My Heel I can raise, and my Toe I can bend down,—
And will venture for once to get out of the Bilboes,
And shake at the Ball both my Legs and my Elbows;
Bezides in a late Correspondence between us
You zaid I'd a pretty poetical Genus,

That

That my Taste was as good, and my Verse as sublime—
 And I know I've as easy a Knack at a Rhyme
 As what's his Name—he there—that made such a Joke
 Of our poor Cousin Zim, and the Blunderhead Voke;
 Like him I'll ne'er make any Creature uneasy,
 So, I hope my Descriptions will equally please 'e.

You may talk, my dear Wife, of your old-fashion'd
 Veast

That would last for a Month, or a Fortnight at least,
 Where Aldermen's Wives, and their Daughters would
 guggle,

And the Husbands get drunk o'er a Pipe and a Bottle,
 You may boast, if you please, that your County of
 Glo'ster

Will be drunk for a Twelvemonth, whatever it cost her,
 I think our good Member is far more polite
 To give us an elegant Dance for the Night,
 And invite at the low Rooms the Nobles to Supper,
 While Voke of no Fashion drink Tea at the Upper;
 And since such profound Estimation I'm had in,
 And can talk to a Lord without paying a Vadding,
 I think it the best Entertainment of all,
 To taste the sweet Cream of a Quality Ball,
 And thither I'll go, tho' I stumps upon Crutches,
 To hear the *Bun Muts* of a Duke or a Dutchess.

Our Margery too, who's a Girl of Discretion,
 And known to most Persons of Rank and Condition,
 Is out of all Patience, if chance you admire
 Th' indelicate Veast of an old Country 'Squire,
 She says, there be something so vulgar and nasty,
 In greazing your Mouth with a hot Venison Patty,
 Which the Freeman of Bath all expected to veast on
 With their generous Friend the good 'Squire of Bath-
 easton ;

In Pudding there's zomething zo clumsy and clunch,
 And zomething zo vilthy, zo stinking in Punch;
 Nay she vows 'twould be strange and exceed all Belief,
 Shou'd a Freeman of Bath love a Zurloin of Beef;
 And as var as I judge from our eating and drinking—
 Our Members be much of the zame Way of thinking.

And now I must tell thee, dear Wife, how thy Daugh-
 ter
 Makes a Progreß in all the vine Things thou hast taught
 her :

Not like thy old Grand-Mother Dorothy Distoff,
 Who'd spin Half a Day without taking her Vist off;
 She'll dance a Cotilion—make Verses—draw Vaces—
 Read Novels—zing Catches—and study the Graces.
 She've a great many pretty Vrench Words at Command,
 That zound vastly zweet, yet I can't understand,
 Vor Vrench is a Language zo very genteel,
 That a vew little Words will imply a great deal,
 Zo very concise, and zo given to vary,
 'Tis in vain to apply to your Vocabulary—
Zavee veaver, Bong Tong—that's as much as to zay
 We grow more polite and improve ev'ry Day,
 That vor eating and drinking we know the best Rules,
 And our Vathers and Mothers were Blockheads and
 Vools,
 That Dress, Cards, and Dancing alone shou'd engage
 This var more enlighten'd and delicate Age.

You must know too, that Madge has a wonderful
 Passion

To appear like a Lady of very high Vashion,
 Zo I'll tell thee, dear Dinah, how well she contriv'd,
 The very virst Moment her Ticket arriv'd;
 She was pleas'd to be zure—but as often I've bid her,
 In weighty Concerns she took Time to konzider,
 C Then

Then with Presence of Mind flying up to the Garret,
 Brought down my old Wig, that's as red as a Carrot,
 And to it she went, dear, ingenious, zweet zoul,
 Drawing up the old Caul 'till it vitted her Pole,
 Then with Dripping and Flour did so baste it and
 frizzle,

The Hairs all became of a beautiful Grizzle;
 Those Curls which a Barber would view with Despair,
 She did coax, twist, and twine, with zuch skill, and
 zuch care,

With Combs, Pins, and Paste, made such frequent At-
 tacks on,

She triumph'd at length—and subdu'd the old Caxon;
 Which done, she the Front in a Cushion did wrap,

'Till the Voretop stood up like a Grenadier's Cap;
 On which all her Jewels at once she display'd,
 Bought of Zolomon Zmouch—*who was leaving off*
Trade;

What a Bargain was there, vor zo trifling a Zum!
 Not a Diamond, or Pearl, that was less than my
 Thumb!

Unus'd to zuch vine Decorations as theseom,
 And stuck with a Posie as thick as a Bezom,
 The merry old Bob gave his Ringlets to flow,
 And dangle like Zaufages all in a Row.

What now wouldst thou think cou'd remain to be
 done,

To make our dear Madge more completely the *Ton*?

Vast asleep as I lay, and of thee, my dear, dreaming,
 On a zudden I heard a most horrible screaming,
 Zuch Discord zoon wak'd me, when vorth from the
 Casement

I threw on a sudden mine eyes with Amazement,
 Vor, as sure as I live, there was Madge in her Smock,
 Laying hard at the Tail of our old Dunghill Cock!

She've

She've pluck'd'n—and pull'd'n—and torn from the Stump
 All the Veathers that cloath'd his unfortunate Rump,
 And I would I could tell the dear Wife of my Bosom,
 How featly her Daughter doth cut and dispose 'em,
 But to vit a Description to Voke at a Distance,
 Requires zupernatural Aid and Assittance,
 I never can make it quite handsome and clever,
 Unless POLLY HYMNY will grant me a Favour,
 Which Freeman and Poets demand at their Pleasure,
 Whenever they chuse it—to *alter their Measure.*

To a Cap like a Bat
 (Which was once my Cravat)
 Part gracefully platted and pinn'd is,
 Part stuck upon Gauze
 Resembles Mackaws,
 And all the vine Birds of the Indies.

But above all the rest
 A bold Amazon's Crest
 Waves nodding from Shoulder to Shoulder,
 At once to zurprize
 And to ravish all Eyes,
 To frighten and charm the Beholder.

In short, Head and Feather
 And Wig altogether
 With Wonder and Joy would delight 'e,
 Like the Picture I've zeen
 Of th' adorable Queen
 Of *beautiful, blest Otaheitee.*

Who gave zuch a Ball,
 To our merry Men all,
 And there did zo frisk it and dance it,
 Zome thought her as vine,——
 And zome did opine,
 'Twas Venus herself in her TRANZIT.

But Madge at the Rooms,
 Must beware of her Plumes,
 Vor if Vulcan her Veather embraces,
 Like poor Lady LAYCOCK,
 She'll burn like a Haycock,
 And roast all the Loves and the Graces.

Oh! I wish you could zee, my dear Spouse, all this
 while

How she copies your zweet irresistible Smile!
 How she zimpers, and prinks, while the Glas is before
 her,

And calls all the Cupids around to adore her;
 With a Grace and an Air zo genteel and becoming,
 Signiora SQUALLINA's new Minuet humming,
 Now backwards she moves, now her steps doth advance,
 With the same winning Ogle, the same killing Glance,
 Which beam'd from your Eyes, with zuch Lustre divine,
 My Marrow they pierc'd, in the Year thirty nine,
 And made me at once zo my Senses forget,
 I fears I have hardly recover'd them yet,
 For why ye must stucco, and whitewash your Faces
 (A Vashion which Madge with zuch Rapture embraces)
 Then ruddle them over like Sheep vor the Market,
 I must own, my dear Wife, I am quite in the Dark yet;
 But have no kind of Doubt, she be quite in the right
 As the World all allows—'tis extremely polite,
 Your vine travel'd Ladies, old Madam VAN-CRONE,
 And Lady ROUGE-DRAGON declare 'tis the *Ten*.
 Now why need I tell how her Throat she doth raise,
 How *shove up* her Bosom, and *shove down* her Stays?
 Vor to make a young Lady a true polite Figure,
 You must cramp up her Zide, that her Breasts may look
 bigger,

And her's thof a Chicken as yet, my dear Dinah,
 Stand vorth vull as plump, and as jolly as thine are ;
 And why fhould ſhe leave any Charm for Conjecture,
 Like the Virgin you zee in your Grandmother's Picture,
 With her Neck in a ruff, and her Waift in a Girdle,
 And her Throat like a Ram's that is caught in a Hurdle,
 Her Head like the Baptiſt's when plac'd in a Charger—
 I am zure, my dear Wife, you have long'd to enlarge
 her,

You never as yet did thoſe beauties conceal,
 Which Nature intended your Sex to reveal ;
 And I'm happy that Madge has acquir'd zuch a Spice
 Of your excellent Manners, and wholeſome Advice,
 Has the Spirit, the Taſte, the good Nature, and Senſe,
 To *treat* all Mankind at zo ſmall an Expence ;
 And whilſt I inſtruct her that path to purſue,
 Zo well pointed out, zo well trodden by you,
 I'm zure, my dear Dinah, you never can think ill
 Of your ever zincere, and affectionate INKLE.

BATH, *Dec.* 4, 1775.

LETTER

And I have a Christian sister, the dear Miss
and I shall be glad to hear from her
and I shall be glad to hear from her
and I shall be glad to hear from her
and I shall be glad to hear from her
and I shall be glad to hear from her
and I shall be glad to hear from her
and I shall be glad to hear from her

Yours very truly
Wm. Lloyd Garrison
And I shall be glad to hear from her
and I shall be glad to hear from her
and I shall be glad to hear from her
and I shall be glad to hear from her
and I shall be glad to hear from her
and I shall be glad to hear from her
and I shall be glad to hear from her
and I shall be glad to hear from her

Wm. Lloyd Garrison

LETTER

LETTER II.

Mr. Inkle Mrs. to Dinah Inkle,

At GLOUCESTER:

CONSISTING OF

*Similes—Easy Postures of modern fine Ladies—Well-bred
Speeches—High Life at the Ball—And a doleful Disaster.*

ONCE more, O! ye Muses, from Pindus descend,
And bid all the Greaces your Vootsteps attend,
Who oft' at Elections are wont to prolong
Zome well pointed Epigram, Ballad, or Zong,
With your own odoriferous Water to sprinkle
The Posie I twines, for my dear Mrs. Inkle.

Not launch'd with more Glory, more Splendour, and
Pride,
The new-tackled Bark skims adown the brisk Tide,
Her

Her Streamers display'd, and the Wind in her Poop,
 Than Madge zally'd vorth in her Veather and Hoop ;
 But how great her Zurprize, when the Men in Despair
 Virst look'd at her Topsail, and then at their Chair,
 Half Grumbling, half Sneering, did zeem quite un-
 willing,

Till the Goddeſs of Wiſdom in Shape of a Shilling,
 While Madge was attempting her Rigging to puſh in,
 With Fingers inviſible whip out the Cuſhion ;
 And then, like a Piſtol too big for the Holſter
 Half in, and half out ; or an obſtinate Bolſter
 (Which I thinks, I have zeen you attempting, my Dear,
 In vain to cram into a ſmall Pillowbeer,)

Thrice did ſhe endeavour her Head in to pop,
 And thrice did her Veather catch hold of the Top ;
 At length, poor dear Zoul, very ill at their Eaſe
 She zat with her Head almoſt jamm'd to her Knees ;
 I never did yet any veſſel diſcern
 Zo high in her Bowſprit, and low her Stern.

To conceive how ſhe look'd you muſt to your Mind }
 The Lady you've zeen in a Lobſter confin'd, }
 Or a Pagod in zome little corner inſhrin'd, }
 Where with Knees both erected, and ſquat on his Breech
 Unhappy Divinity ſticks in a Nitch.

Indeed it was ſtrange and zurprizing to ſee her,
 And never, dear Wife, cau'ſt thou form an Idear,

How crampt in this Poſture
 They wrigg'l'd, and toſt her,
 While every Step that they trod,
 Her Voretop and Noſe
 Beat Time to their Toes,
 And her Veather went—niddity—nod.

Mean while pretty brisk, and uncommonly strong,
 I tott'ring on two Sticks went hobbling along ;
 'Thof I very much fears that she thought me a Fogram,
 All stuck out in Zattins, and I in my Grogram :
 Yet I'd have her to know, in my Zunday Zurtout,
 Zilk Hofe—*new Peruke*—Frill—and Ruffles to Boot,
 I claim'd zuch Respect, did zuch Favours receive,
 I ne'er shall vorget 'em as long as I live ;
 Vor you know, my dear Wife, I esteems it delicious
 To appear in high Life, and am vastly ambitious
 To be squeez'd, as I was, by my Lord Perrywinkle,
 With—" your Servant, good Sir,—“ how d'y'do, Mr.
 Inkle,

" What Joy, my dear Friend, all the World are you
 giving,

" To zee you once more in the Land of the Living !

" Zo chearful and brisk too, I'd venture a Million

" If you laid down your Cane, you could dance a Co-
 tillion,—

" Your Lady looks charming, I burns to'accost her—
 My dear Lord, zays I,—“ Mrs. Inkle's at Glocester—

" Lack-a-day, he replies then, 'twas Lady Killwrinkle

" Who I thinks is exceedingly like Mrs. Inkle ;—

" Mrs. Inkle not here !—thic is no Ball without her—

" She've carry'd away all the Greaces about her—

" Your Lady at Glocester !—and pray do you hear,

" Mr. Inkle, how Matters are jogging on there ?

" I've a Friend, my dear Sir, at th' ensuing Election

" Who pants to receive your Advice and Protection—

" I wish you'd—zays I, “ my dear Lord, zay no more,

" Your Wish is enough, your Commands I adore,

" And I'm zure Mrs. Inkle will think it an Honour

" If your Lordship will lay your kind Orders upon her,

" 'Tis true I've no Vote—but I'll use my Endeavour

" I have Interest much at your Service however,

D

“ Vor

“ Vor I’m promis’d, my Lord—but I beg and desire,
 “ I beseech as an Alms you won’t let it transpire,
 “ Give me Leave just to whisper a Word in your Ea,
 “ Let us step in the Card-Room—there’s nobody there,—
 “ I am promis’d, my Lord, by old HUMPHRY POT-WOB-
 BLER,—

“ The Votes of three Taylors,—two Smiths,—and a
 Cobler,—

“ At this, quite transported, one Hand he did put on
 “ My Shoulder, with t’other caught hold of my Button,
 “ Mr. Inkle, zays he, (and he shook it a little)
 “ I profess you have hit this Affair to a Tittle,
 “ And zince with zuch Kindness, zuch Friendship, you
 meant it,

“ Depend upon’t, Sir, you shall never repent it.”—

I thought this Account, my dear Dinah, would please ’e
 (And the Irish Establishment now is zo easy)

The least I expect, if Things properly fadge,
 Is a Pension for me—and a Husband for Madge ;
 Thus with Shrugs, Nods, and Zimpers, each other de-
 lighting,

And poking our Heads out, like Game-Cocks a fighting,
 We stuck out our Rumps with respect most profound,
 And parted like Cart-Whips bent down to the Ground.

Lady D’ OILY PALAVER, at very first Sight
 Was indeed above all kind of Measure polite,
 Mr. Inkle, zays she, “ you are quite in the Right,
 “ I am zure you’ll be better for coming to Night,
 “ Miss Madge is so happy, and you are so hearty,
 “ Come, come, you shall both drink your Tea in our
 Party ;

“ Here be zome queerish Vigures it must be confest, }
 “ But your Daughter, Miss Inkle, I vow and protest, }
 “ Is what I call——prettily——modestly——drest. }

“ Young

“ Young Ladies are often zo aukward and raw
 “ At their virst coming out, but I never yet saw
 “ Bevore so polite an Assembly as this is,
 “ An easier, better-bred Creature than Miss is,
 “ Quite a Woman of Vashion — now don't you think
 so,

“ Pray speak the *plain* Truth, my dear GORGE DE CRA-
 PAU ?

Madam, GORGE DE CRAPAU cries, — *Wee, Ma'am,*
Oh ! gou 'ee

Von Sharmangest Paerson, I aever vas see —
 But thof my good Lady's Politeness is zuch,
 I fears I have zweated my Carcase too much,
 And Madge I'm afraid at the End of the Chapter
 Will find little Cause for zuch Transport and Rapture,
 And who at the Ball on that Night did appear,
 Who danc'd in the Van, and who limp'd in the Rear,
 What Dukes, and what Drapers, what Barbers, and
 Peers,
 What Marquises, Earls, and what Knights of the *Shears*,
 What Cook, and what Countess, what Nymphs of the
 Brooms,
 What Mop-scepter'd Queens, came that Night to the
 Rooms,
 What Dashers of Ink, Pettifoggers, Musicians,
 With a *new and correct List* of all the Physicians,
 I ne'er can in suitable Numbers explain,
 Nor learned *Bath-easton's* more musical Train ;
 Tho' whilst the fair Virgin at *CLIO's* command,
 Is dipping for Rhymes with her Lilly-white Hand,
 E'en VÆBUS himself in support of the Cause,
 Should pop out his Head from the Tusculan Vauze.*

D 2

Alas !

* Mr. INKLE would be understood to mean an elegant An-
 tique Vase, which was once the Property of MARCUS TULLIUS
 CICERO,

Alas! my dear Wife, I can never describe
 Bath's beautiful Nymphs, that adorable Tribe,
 Who like Mexican Queens in the Picture which you may
 Have zeen of the Court of the great Montezuma,
 Zat in solemn Array, and diversify'd Plume,
 That shed o'er their Charms its delectable Gloom,
 But at what Time they heard the Horns echoing bel-
 low,

The Hautboy's shrill Twang, the brisk Viddle, the
 mellow

Bassoon, and the zweet-grumbl'ing Violoncello,
 At what Time they heard the Men puff and belabour
 With Mouth, Stick, and Vist, the gay Pipe and the
 Tabor,

At once they did scuddle, did flutter, and run,
 And take Wing like Wild-Geese alarm'd with a Gun,
 In a moment came bustling and rustling between one,
 Zome coupl'd like Rabbits, a vat and a lean one,
 Zome pranc'd up before, zome did backward rebound,
 While zome more in Earnest, with Looks more pro-
 found,

And sweat-bedew'd Voretops, did lard the lean
 Ground;

But others more neat, on the Pastern arose,
 Like the Vigure of PAN, whom you've zeen I zuppose,
 Just saluting the Turf with the Tips of his Toes;
 And as nothing, I thinks, can more please and engage
 Than a Contrast of Stature, Complexion, and Age,
 Miss CURD with a Partner as black as OMIAN,
 KITTY TIT shook her Heels with old Doctor GOLIAN,

CICERO, at his celebrated Tusculanum; and now in the Pos-
 session of JOHN MILLER, Esq. at his elegant Villa at *Bath-
 easton*, adorned with a Festoon of Flowers, is appropriated to
 the Reception of the several poetical Pieces of the respective
 Candidates for Mrs. MILLER's Myrtle Chaplets; which Pieces
 are taken out by some young Lady to be read by one of the Com-
 pany.

And

And little JOHN CROP, like a Poney juſt nickt,
 With long DOLLY LOADERHEAD ſcamper'd and kickt,—
 Ah! zweet DOLDY LOADERHEAD—who can believe
 Who for Truth ſuch Reports of bright Beauty receive?
 Yet I hears—tho' perfum'd you zuch Odours diſplay,
 And breathe in December the Fragrance of May,
 If your Head were well *open'd* by Louſe-piercing *DUNN,
 We ſhould all be convinc'd, by more Zenſes than one,
 Tho' zo powder'd and plumag'd it came to the Veaſt,
 It had ne'er taſted Small-comb this Twelvemonth at leaſt.
 As for Madge, thof young SQUIRT had been promis'd the
 Honour,

BILLY DASHER ſtept forth, and at once ſeiz'd upon her;
 His Air was zo pleaſing, zo zoft were his Speeches,
 Not to mention his new zattin Fleſh-colour'd Breeches,
 With a Shoe like a Sauce-boat, and Steeple-clock'd Hoſe,
 And a zilken Zoubize, that bob'd up to his Noſe,
 With a Watch in each Pocket, one lent by his Mother,
 To prove that one Leg ſhould keep Time with the other,
 With a Club like a Coach-Horſe's Tail in a Strap,
 And his Coat like his Beaver curtail'd of its Flap,
 With a Sleeve you'd have zworn had been ſew'd to his
 Arm,—

No Wonder, dear Wife, BILLY DASHER ſhould charm;
 While with Flames that keen Jealouſy's Rage did improve,
 Poor SQUIRT felt the heart rending Paſſion of Love.

Thus var, my dear Spouſe, both your Huſband and
 Daughter

Met a deal of Reſpect, Entertainment, and Laughter,
 Vor wherever we went, you've no Reaſon to doubt us,
 We carry'd a Pow'r of *good Humour* about us:
 But alas! my good DINAH, I would I much better
 Could end this zincere, this affectionate Letter,

* A celebrated Hair-Dreſſer, at BATH.

Could for ever conceal, what with Tear-blubber'd
 Check,
 The zad Melpomēne commands me to speak,
 Commands me to tell thee, the dismallest Story,
 That ever befel a poor Nymph in her Glory.

The Dance was just o'er, and *I burnt* to employ
 My Time on more zolid, more rational Joy,
 Life's trueſt Delights were prepar'd to begin,—
 Ver the Zupper, dear DINAH, was juſt carry'd in,
 And the worthy good Dr. ABDOMEN and I
 Had juſt vound a Crow in a Perigord Pie.
 And (what I did think was exceedingly pleaſant,)
 Cut up an old Fowl ſtuck with Tail of a Pheaſant,
 When SQUIRT, who had long been attempting in vain
 The Pangs of Reſentment and Love to reſtrain,
 At length loſt all Patience; his Heart fell a throbbing,
 When he zaw BILLY DASHER with MADGE hob-a-
 nobbing,

And thought he might better give Vent to his Pain,
 Than add to his Heat by the *Zoup a la Rain*,
 Zo to pleaſe his Revenge, he pretended to ſtoop,
 And on poor BILLY DASHER diſpos'd of his Zoup,
 And *Zoup a la Rain* zo exceedingly rich is,
 It vaſten'd like Glue to his Fleſh-colour'd Breeches,
 At once he did roar, kick, and ſcamper, and ſwear,
 In vain like old HARCULES ſtriving to tear
 The Gift zo tenacious, which SQUIRT with a Grin
 Proteſted and vow'd was ne'er meant for his Skin;
 BILLY tugg'd at his Zattins till all in a Fright,
 The Miſſes ſcream'd out at zo ſhocking a Sight,
 And the Dæmon of Diſcord with Menaces loud,
 And Revenge at his Heels had aſſembled a Crowd;
 Alas! how my Zoul was prophetic of Evil!
 (Oh! I wiſh that old BARNABY BUZZ at the Devil)

He,

He, vorsooth, of all others must needs interpose,
 As in Quarrels for ever He's thrusting his Nose;
 As zure as you live, that conceited old Prig
 The Candle knock'd down on poor Margery's Wig,
 At once the fierce Deity zeiz'd on her Plume,
 Made all her combustible Noddle to fume,
 And whilst my old carrotty Caxon was zinging,
 Zome call'd out for GULLIVER—zome for the Engine—
 But what I did think was genteeler and kinder,
 A well-behav'd Gentlemen stepping behind her,
 To prevent all Misfortunes proceeding from Fire,
 As his Wife and his Zister were sitting just by her,
 (Like an honest, good Man, who employs all his La-
 bours,

To save his own House—by destroying his Neighbour's)
 In spite of old Vulcan caught hold of the Cawl,
 And away flew Wig, Veathers, and Posy and all;
 Then as if all the Devils in Hell meant to plague us,
 (Ah! pies take that vilthy, d-n'd Punch and the Negus)
 Spight of all that I zaid in my former Epistle—
 Madge had taken a Drap, just to moisten her Whistle,
 Prescrib'd her, she tells me, by young Mr. SQUIRT,
 Who vow'd—and protested—'twould do her no Hurt,
 (Tho' Punch, you well know, if it chance to oppress us
 In the very best Company's apt to distress us)
 Alas! she who lately Bath's Beauties among,
 Shone voremost and vairest of all the gay Throng,
 Now wigless, unveather'd, with eyes of Despair,
 That star'd like a Jack-daw's when caught in a Snare,
 With Locks standing up in the Front like a Teazil,
 Behind sticking out like the Tail of a Weasel,
 With Sack, Hoop, and Stay, pinch'd and sweated to
 Death,

Stood and gasp'd like a Turtle that's panting for Breath.
 Zo for fear I should hear some d—n'd Rhymer remarking
 The Fate of my Wig and the Tail of the Darking,

Thof

Thof at Dinner I'd made but a slender Repaft,
 As bevore a greaft Veaf one may venture to vaft,
 I e'en hobbl'd off, and without any Zupper,
 Was vorc'd to go Home to unlace and unhoop her.

But if ever again at thefe Balls I appear,
 (Thof a Ball *without thee*, will be no Ball, my Dear,)
 Let us banifh a while thefeom new-vangled Ways,
 And give Madge a little more Room in her Stays ;
 Vor as to the Modes of your Voke in high Life,
 I fears we are all in the wrong, my dear Wife ;
 As to eating—I zwear in the very virft Instance,
 I'll vall aboard zomething that makes a Refiftance,
 I thinks it a Zin and a Scandal to wafte
 My Time and my Teeth upon outlandifh Pafte,
 Fill'd with Truffles, Morelles, and zuch d—n'd nafty
 Stuff,

That agrees with our modern vine Youth well enough,
 And no doubt our good Member pays full enough vor it,
 But the World fhall all know I deteft and abhor it ;
 And tho', Mrs. Madge, it exceeds your Belief,
 I loves a good Slice of old Englifh Roaft Beef ;
 Let me, my Dear, take my Beer, Smouze and Carouze,
 And you'll vind me all Night your affectionate Spouze,

—— INKLE.

BATH, Dec. 5, 1775.



THE END.

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